

ESTABLISHED 1855.

## THE BIRTH-MARK

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

### CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"She looked a little shocked. "Philip is quite content to remain poor. I sometimes used to sigh for riches for his sake, because he was always drudging and overworked; but not since Moppet's lost—oh, no; I never talk of it now."

"Oh, these women!" said Mr. Trent, in an aside; "harping forever on one string—love of lover, or husband or child; but forever and always—love!"

Clang went the cottage gate. The doctor advanced up the walk. It was said to see his grave, dark face brightening at sight of the woman waiting for him under his own vine and fig tree.

"You find it very dull here, I'm afraid?" he said to his guest.

"On the contrary," answered Mr. Trent, "I have been immensely entertained. Your admirable wife has just been relating to me the story of her lost daughter."

Dr. Gower looked very grave.

"We seldom speak of it now," he said. "Our sorrow is so old that it has ceased to interest others. Come, my dear girl is waiting tea; let us go in."

It was a thoughtful and silent trio that gathered around Dimple's table on this mellow summer night. The doctor made some civil inquiry regarding Mr. Trent's injured limb.

"Thanks," answered the lawyer; "it is so far restored that I think I may safely leave you by the next train, though I confess I am absurdly reluctant to do so."

Dr. Gower politely pressed him to remain, but the lawyer refused.

"I had a little business to transact in this town," he said, "but it does not matter in the least now. Could I trouble you to walk with me to the station, lest my limb should fall me on the way, doctor?"

"Certainly," answered the doctor. They arose from the tea-table. Trent bade farewell to Dimple, who followed them into the garden. He then lighted a cigar, took the doctor's arm and limped away through the moonlight.

"Bless me! how sweet your garden beds smell by night," he said, sniffing at them as he passed. "Are we out of reach of that admirable woman's ears? Pray don't hurry. The train does not start for fifteen minutes yet, and I have something particular to say to you."

"Indeed!" said Dr. Gower.

Mr. Trent cast his eyes up toward the moon. His cigar went out, but he puffed away upon it, quite unconscious of the fact. They left the cottage behind them and paced slowly toward the station.

Suddenly Trent stopped and laid his hand on the doctor's shoulder. The two stood eye to eye—the handsome, fastidious lawyer, the rusty doctor, aged and gray before his time.

"Dr. Philip Gower," said Trent, "I long ago knew that somewhere on the earth a person existed who could be to me of incalculable value. I have longed exceedingly to look on his face, and at last my desire is granted, for—'thou art the man!'"

Dimple stands at the window watching those two figures disappear down the street. They seem to be talking very earnestly.

"Mr. Trent will be late for the train," she thinks, in womanly fidget. "What can he be saying to interest Philip so deeply?"

After a weary while her husband entered the gate again and advances toward her up the walk. She springs to meet him.

"Philip!" she cries, "my dear boy, how did you look? What has Mr. Trent been saying?"

He kissed her.

"Nothing, Dimple—nothing you could in the least understand."

"How pale you are!"

"Pale? Nonsense! It is the moonlight!" and, averting his tell-tale face from her, he draws her back into the cottage.

CHAPTER XX.

Paulette fled to her own room and flung off her dress. Her face was glowing with that transfiguration which comes to all women's faces when they love. She looked at her own image curiously in the glass.

"And is this the great, grand passion of which I have heard so much?" she thought. "Oh, I, at last, know what love is!"

Her own eyes answered her. She did not blush or smile, like other women, but sank sulkily under her knees, as if awed by the great presence that had entered her heart, and stretched out her arms to viewless air.

"How happy—how happy I am!" she murmured. "Ought I to tell him all? No, no! Never to him could I repeat that shameful story! I would rather die than lose one iota of his love! Am I worse than others? Are there not women who carry secrets through all their lives, and keep them, too, from their best and dearest? Oh, God! Wipe out the past from my heart and my memory!"

A soft tap at the door. Paulette rose hastily and opened it. On the threshold, dark and solemn, stood Hilda Burr.

"The general begs you will come down," she said, sweetly. "May I congratulate you upon your new happiness? I'm sure it is very gratifying to us all."

"Thanks," answered Paulette, coldly, though cheek and neck and brow were of a violet crimson. "What bird of the air brought you the news so promptly?"

"You must blame Arthur's ardor," said Miss Burr, vivaciously. "And you are to be the future mistress of Hazel Hall! How delightful! The general thinks so much of a good alliance—a spotless name! May I tell you who will soon join us? Very well," and she flitted off like a brown bat down the stairs. Paulette dressed in haste, and in a

person, more worldly wise than you suspect. Believe me, she is nothing near so innocent or angelic as one might fancy; but men never believe anything wrong of such beauty. Patience! We shall see!"

"Confound you, Hilda!" cried the general, "what the deuce do you mean? I won't listen to you! I forbid you ever to speak in that way of the child again. Paulette dear! So is a canary! I thought you had more sense!"

"None so blind as those who will not see!" replied Hilda, tartly. "It is plain I have no place in your consideration; but I can bite my tongue."

"How often must I ask you not to remember the past! I shall cease to have consideration for you. Don't let me have any more of such folly! Make ready for your bal masque, and put off that look of a skeleton at the feast. I want these young people to be happy."

Miss Burr darted a look of fiery scorn at the old soldier.

"Arthur has my best wishes for his happiness," she said, "but in its foundation I have no faith whatever. You will find that creature is not what she seems—very ill, indeed!"

"Bah!" answered the general.

In the deep window, her face shining like a star among its flowers, stood Paulette, with Arthur's tall shadow darkening across her.

"I must count myself doubly happy," he was murmuring, with a fervid look, "in knowing that mine is the first name written on your heart. A woman's first love is her best love."

She colored faintly and half withdrew her hand from his. "Would you love me the less," she asked, "if you knew I had cared for some other before you?"

"Perhaps not; but I much prefer you as you are—my little girl, fresh from prim St. Catharine's, where love is not in the list of studies. I could not bear to have a memory of that kind between us."

As he said this, standing there, the born lord of lands and gold, her master, looking at her with his dark, stern Guiltie eyes, an indefinable crept like a marsh mist over Paulette.

"And you," she said, with a little embarrassed laugh, "have you no confession to make—are there no ghosts in your closets?"

Like some image in bronze, he leaned against the sash, the moonlight falling on his handsome figure.

"None, Paulette!" he answered; "you are the first, the only woman I ever loved!"

"Possible, after all your far, foreign wandering. Oh, Arthur! Did you never care for any one the least bit?"

"No one!"

"Such as I am," she faltered at last, "I am yours I do not know as I can say more."

A week after, Hilda Burr penned a letter to Mr. George Trent, of which the following is an extract:

"It is even as you predicted. Arthur is betrothed to the general's ward, and great is the general's rejoicing thereat. You will be glad to learn that Paulette is lovelier than ever, and passionately fond of the last hope of Guiltie—in fact, there never was such a pair of lovers! As for myself, I am to have a bal masque on the eve of my birthday, and all the neighboring gentry have been invited. What are you doing at the north? I fancy your visit there means mischief for some one."

[To be Continued.]

EUROPE KEG OF POWDER.

United States Letting Great Chance Slip, Says Dewey.

"Europe is sitting on a keg of powder. All that prevents an explosion is a lack of a coal of living fire. And some one will place it where it will create an explosion, sooner or later."

So spoke Senator Dewey at his home, fresh from a two months' stay on the other side of the Atlantic. The senator thinks the United States is at peace with all the world. But, as between Germany and Great Britain, he would not be surprised to see war break out any day.

"Germany has been poking the noses of her ships into commercial ports that heretofore England has regarded as peculiarly her own," the senator continued. "She is expanding in every direction. In dotting the whole seas with its flag the kaiser's government realizes it will add to the prosperity of its people. Germany hasn't the resources we Americans possess.

"England seemed to have been asleep while her great rival was wresting territories from her. Awakening, she attempted to get back that which she had lost. Failing, she has begun preparing for a conflict, her idea being that she can, with her battle ships, do that which commercial competition cannot or has not done. The situation, to my mind, is serious, and a crisis is near.

"During my recent trip abroad, I found capital everywhere making inquiry about our securities. Europe's money has been pouring into this country of late, and more of it is coming.

"But how much more general would our prosperity be if capital understood that in the event of a conflict this country would be in a condition to protect every interest. That time will arrive when we have taken the iron from our mines, the wood from our forests, the men from field, factory, and store, trained them in the art of navigation and sent them with our flag and our products to the farthest corners of the world. If we had the ships that Germany has, there would not be an idle man on this continent.

"As it is, we are helpless. While we sell foreign nations about \$5,000,000 daily of our products, less than seven per cent of this is carried by American ships. We have what is known as a billion-dollar congress. We spend hundreds of millions for pensions, for the navy, for the army, for our mail system, for the improvement of harbors, but not one cent do we spend toward bettering and broadening our merchant marine. It is a shame."

New York American.

As a western girl, who in the matter of beauty and affectionate sublimity was not to say "fresh as first love and rosy as the dawn," was asked why she did not get married, and this is what she said in reply: "I have considerable money of my own; I have a parrot that can swear, and a monkey that chews tobacco, so that I have no need of a husband."

person, more worldly wise than you suspect. Believe me, she is nothing near so innocent or angelic as one might fancy; but men never believe anything wrong of such beauty. Patience! We shall see!"

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[To be Continued.]

## The Conquest of the Pole

By Dr. FREDERICK A. COOK

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Harvesting Food and Fuel For the Polar Trip. Narwhal Hunting an Exciting Sport.

(THIRD ARTICLE)

WITH a hasty farewell to Mr. Bradley and the officers and encouraged with a cheer from "I on board, we left the motherly yacht for our new home and mission. The yacht stood off to avoid drifting ice and await the return of the motorboat.

When we were set ashore we sat down and watched with saddened eyes the departure of our friends and the severing of the bond which had held us to the known world of life and happiness.

The village of Annotok is placed in a small bay just inside of Cape Inglefield. Its population changes much from year to year, according to the known luck of the chase or the ambition of the men to obtain new bear-skin trousers.

Scattered about it were twelve seal-kin tents, which served as a summer shelter for an equal number of vigorous families. In other places nearer the sea were seven stone igloos. Upon these the work of reconstruction for winter shelter had already begun.

In the immediate vicinity there were some turf and moss, but everywhere else within a few hundred feet of the sea the land rose abruptly in steep slopes of barren rock.

To the westward across Smith sound in a blue haze were seen Cape Sabine, Barbe peninsula and some of the land beyond which we hoped to cross in our prospective venture.

The construction of a winter house and workshop called for immediate attention after the wind subsided. Men, women and children offered strong hands to gather the stones strewn along the shore.

When the cargo is packed in this manner the things can be quickly tossed on deck and transported to floating ice or land. Later it is possible, with packing boxes of uniform size as building material, to erect efficient shelter wherein the calamities of arctic disaster can be avoided.



DR. COOK IN ARCTIC CLOTHING.

Building Winter Quarters.

This precaution against ultimate mishap now served a very useful purpose. Inclosing a space 13 by 16 feet, the cases were quickly piled in. The walls were held together by strips of wood or the joints sealed with pasted paper with the addition of a few long boards.

A really good roof was made by using the covers of the boxes as shingles. A blanket of turf over this confined the heat and permitted at the same time healthful circulation of air.

We slept under our own roof at the end of the first day, and our new house had the very great advantage of containing within its walls all our possessions within easy reach at all times.

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[To be Continued.]

Harvesting Food and Fuel.

Then follow the eye opening days of spring. In the fall, when the harmonizing influence of the sun is withdrawn, there begins a battle of the elements which continues its smoky agitation until stilled by the hopeless frost of early night.

At this time, though field work was painful, the needs of our venture forced us to persistent action in the chase of walrus, seal, narwhal and white whale.

We harvested food and fuel.

Before winter ice spread over the hunting grounds ptarmigan, hare and reindeer were sought to supply the table during the long night with delicacies, while bear and fox pleased the palates of the Eskimos and their pelts clothed all.

Many long journeys were made to secure an important supply of grass to pad boots and mittens and also to secure moss, which serves as wick for the Eskimo lamp. The months of September and October were indeed important periods of anxious seeking for reserve supplies.

Aid From the Eskimos.

There was a complex activity suddenly stimulated along the Greenland coast which did not require general supervision. The Eskimos knew what was required without a word from us and knew better than we did where to find the things worth while. An outline of the polar campaign was sent from village to village, with a few general instructions.

Each local group of natives was to fill an important duty and bring together the tremendous amount of material required for our house and sled equipment. Each Eskimo village has, as a rule, certain game advantages.

In some places foxes and hares were abundant. Their skins were in great demand for coats and stockings, and Eskimos must not only gather the greatest number possible, but must prepare the skins and make them into properly fitting garments.

In other places reindeer were abundant. This skin was very much in demand for sleeping bags, while the sinew was required for thread. In still other places seal was the backbone of the chase, and its skin one of our most important needs. Of its boots were ordered, and an immense amount of line and lashings was prepared.

Thus in one way or another every man, woman and most of the children of this tribe of 250 people were kept busy in the service of the expedition. The work was well done and with much better knowledge of the fitness of things than could be done by any possible gathering of white men.

Use of the Narwhal.

The quest of the walrus and the narwhal came in our immediate plan of adventure. The unicorn, or narwhal, does not often come in the way of the white man, though one of the first animals to leave our shores.

It gave for a brief spell good results in sport and useful material. The blubber is the pride of every housekeeper, for it gives a long, hot flame to the lamp, with no smoke to spot the igloo floor. The skin is regarded as quite a delicacy. Cut into squares, it looks and tastes like scallops, with only a slight aroma of train oil.

The meat dries easily and is thus prized as an appetizer or as a lunch to be eaten en route in sled or kayak. In this shape it was an extremely useful thing for us, for it took the place of pemmican for our less urgent journeys.

The narwhal, which, apart from its usefulness, is most interesting to dentists of the Arctic deep, played in the schools of the off shore, usually along the edge of large ice, using long ivory tusks rose under spouts of breath and spray.

When this glad sight was noted every kayak about camp was manned, and the Eskimos' skin canoes went like birds over the water. Some of the Eskimos rose to the ice fields and delivered harpoons from a secure foot-hold of heavy ice and made a sudden rush as the animals napped.

Still others came up in the rear, for the narwhal cannot easily see backward and does not often turn to watch its enemies. Its speed being so fast that it can easily keep ahead of other troublesome creatures.

Hunting the Narwhal.

The harpoon is always delivered at close range. When the dragging dot marked the end of the line in tow of

the frightened creature the line of skin canoes followed. The narwhal is timid by nature. Fearing to rise for breath, he plunged along until nearly strangulated. When it did come up there were several Eskimos near with drawn lances, which inflicted deep gashes.

Again the narwhal plunged deep down with but one breath and hurried along as best it could. But its speed slackened, and a line of crimson marked its hidden path. Loss of blood and want of air did not give it a chance to fight. Again it came up with a spout; again the lances were hurled.

The battle continued for several hours, with many exciting adventures, but in the end the narwhal always succumbed, offering a prize of several thousand pounds of meat and blubber. Victory, as a rule, was not gained until the hunters were far from home, also far from the shore line. But the Eskimo is a courageous hunter and an intelligent seaman.

Towing the Carcass.

To the huge carcass frail kayaks were hitched in a long line. Towing is slow, wind and sea combining to make the task difficult and dangerous. One sees nothing of the narwhal and very little of the kayak, for dashing seas wash over the little craft, but the double bladed paddles seaward with the regularity of a pendulum.

Homecoming takes many hours and engenders a prodigious amount of hard work, but there is energy to spare, for a wealth of meat and fat is the culmination of all Eskimo ambition.

Seven of these ponderous animals were brought in during five days, making a heap of more than 40,000 pounds of food and fuel. Then the narwhals suddenly disappeared, and we saw no more of them.

Three white whales were also obtained in a similar way at Etah at about the same time.

Last Glimpse of the Dying Day.

During the last days of brief sunshine the weather cleared, and at noon on Oct. 24 everybody sought the freedom of the open for a last glimpse of the dying day. There was a charm of color and glitter, but a sharp-edged glare as the sun sank under again for 118 days.

The Eskimos took this as a signal to enter a trance of sadness, in which the bereavement of each family and the discomforts of the year are enacted in dramatic chants or duets.

But to us the sunset of 1907 was in-



SCENE AT THE NORTH POLE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. COOK.

Fading Sun Warns Explorer of Coming Long Arctic Winter—Preparing Sled and Boat.

[FOURTH ARTICLE]

STORMS now came up with such force and frequency that it was not safe to venture out in kayaks. A few walrus were captured from boats; thus sea hunting was confined to the quest of seal through the young ice.

A similar quest was being followed at every village from Annotok to Cape York. But all sea activity would now soon be limited to a few open spaces near prominent headlands.

The scene of the real hunt changed from the sea to the land. We had as yet no caribou meat. The little skulls gathered in nets during the summer and elder duck bagged later disappeared fast when used as steady diet. We must procure hare, ptarmigan and reindeer, for we had not yet learned to eat with a relish the fishy, liver-like substance which is characteristic of all marine mammals.

Guns and ammunition were distributed, and when the winds were easy enough to allow one to venture out every man sought the neighboring hills. Francke also took his exercise with a gun on his shoulder.

The combined results gave a long line of ptarmigan, two reindeer and sixteen hares. As snow covered the upper slopes the game was forced down near the sea, where we could still hope to hunt in the feeble light of the early part of the night.

No Anxiety For Winter.

With a larger fairly stocked and

aspiration for the final work in directing the shaping of the outfit with which to begin the conquest of the pole at sunrise of 1908. Most expeditions have had the advantage of the liberal hand of a government or of an ample private fund. We were denied both favors.

But we were not incumbered with a cargo of misdeeds devised by home dressmakers, nor was the project hatched by the usual army of novices, for white men at best must be regarded as amateurs compared with the expert efficiency of the Eskimo in his own environment. Our food supply contained only the prime factors of primitive nourishment. Special foods and laboratory concoctions did not fill an important space in our larder.

Nor had we balloons, automobiles, motor sleds or other freak devices. We did, however, have an abundance of the best hickory, suitable metal and all the raw material for the sleds and its accessories, which were henceforth to be linked with our destiny.

The sled was evolved as the result of careful study of local environment and of the anticipated ice surface northward. We did not copy the McClintock sled, with its wide runners, which has been used by most explorers for fifty years. Nor did we abandon the old fashioned iron shoes for German silver strips.

What a Polar Sled Should Be.

The conditions which a polar sled must meet are too complex to outline here. In a broad sense it seemed that the best qualities of the best wood Yukon sled could be combined with the local fitness of the Eskimo craft, with tough hickory fiber and seal-kin lashings to make elastic joints. With plenty of native ingenuity to foresee and provide for the strain of adaptability and endurance, the possibilities of



POLAR BEAR AND ESKIMO DOG ON THE JOHN R. BRADLEY.

our sled factory were very good.

For dog harness the Eskimo pattern was adopted, but canine economy is such that when rations are reduced to workable limits the leather strips disappear as food. To overcome this disaster the shoulder straps were made of folds of strong canvas, while the traces were cut from cotton log line.

A boat is an important adjunct to every sledge expedition which hopes to venture far from its base of operation. It is a matter of necessity even when following the new coast line, as is shown by the mishap of Mylius Erickson, for if he had had a boat he would himself have returned to tell the story of the Danish expedition to east Greenland.

Need for a boat comes with the changed conditions of the advancing season. Things must be carried for several months for a chance use in the last stages of the return; but, since food supplies are necessarily limited, delay is fatal. Therefore when open water prevents progress a boat becomes in the nature of a life preserver.

Foolish indeed is the explorer who ignores this detail of the problem. Transport of a boat, however, offers many serious objections. Nautilus, the inventor of the kayak, and most explorers since have adopted the same device. The Eskimo canoe serves the purpose very well, but to carry it for three months without hopeless destruction requires an amount of energy which stamps the polar venture with failure.

Selecting a Boat.

Sectional boats, aluminum boats, skin boats and other devices have been tried, but to all there is the same fatal objection of impossible transportation. It seems rather odd that the ordinary folding canoe, which has not been presented in this service.

We found it to fit the situation exactly, selecting a twelve foot Eureka shaped boat with wooden frame. The slats, spreaders and floor pieces were utilized as parts of a sled. The canvas cover served as a floor cloth for our sleeping bags. Thus the boat did useful service for a hundred days and was never in evidence as a cumbersome device.

When at last the craft was spread and covered, in it we carried the sled, in it we camped, in it we sought game, the meat of which took the place of exhausted supplies. Without it we, too, would not have returned.

Preparation of the staple food supply is of even greater importance than means of locomotion. To the success of a prolonged arctic enterprise in transit successive experience is bound to dictate a wise choice of equipment, but it does not often educate the stomach.

From the published accounts of arctic travelers it is impossible to select a satisfactory menu for future explorers, and I hasten to add that perhaps our experience will be equally unsatisfactory to subsequent victims.

Nor is it safe to listen to scientific advice, for the stomach is the one organ of the body which stands as the autocat over every other human sense and passion and will not easily yield to foreign dictates.

The problem differs with every man. It differs with every expedition, and it is radically different with every nation. Thus when De Gerlach forced Norwegian food into French stomachs he learned that there was a nationality in gastronomy.

Depending on Eskimo Food.

In this respect, as in others, I was helped very much by the people who were to line up my forces. The Eskimo is ever hungry, but his taste is normal. Things of doubtful value in nutrition form no part in his dietary. Animal food, meat and fat is entirely satisfactory as a steady diet without other adjuncts. His food requires neither salt nor sugar, nor is cooking a matter of necessity.

Quantity is important, but quality applies only to the relative proportion of fat. With this key to the gastronomic of our lockers, pemmican was selected for the stomach, fat is also served equally well for the dogs.

We had an ample supply of pemmican, made by Armour's, of pounded beef, sprinkled with a few raisins, some currants and a small quantity of sugar. This mixture was cemented together with heated beef tallow and run into tin cans containing six pounds each.

The condition was invented by an American Indian. It has been used before as part of the long list of food-stuffs in arctic products, but with us it was the whole bill of fare when away from game haunts.

Only a few palate surprises were carried, and these will be indicated in the narrative of camp life. The entire winter and night were spent with busy hands, under direction of Eskimo and Canadian country, in working out the clothing and camp comforts without which we could not invade the forbidden mystery of the polar ban.

Although we did not follow closely either the routes or methods of our predecessors, we are nevertheless doubly indebted to them, for their experiences, including their failures, were our stepping stones to success.

[To be Continued.]

How He made a Cuddle—A gentleman went into a pipemaker's shop with the intention of seeing the method of making pipes. The proprietor, who was a Scotchman, had arrived from Edinburgh a few weeks ago.

When the Philadelphia boy got in the shop he found only a bag of back of the counter, so without more ado he thus addressed him:

"Well, my callant, I'll give you a quarter if you show me how you make your pipes."

"I canna mak' a peep, sir," replied the lad "I can only mak' a cuddle."

"A cuddle! What's that, my hinyer?"

"It's a short peep," replied the boy, "sic as men and women smoke not on."

"I'll give you a quarter if you show me how to make that."

"Gie's yer quarter fast," was the reply.

The gentleman gave the boy the quarter, and he took a long pipe and broke a piece off it, saying:

"There, now sir, that is the way I mak' cuddles."—Philadelphia Times.

True wealth does not consist in the possession of gold and silver, but in the judicious use made of them.